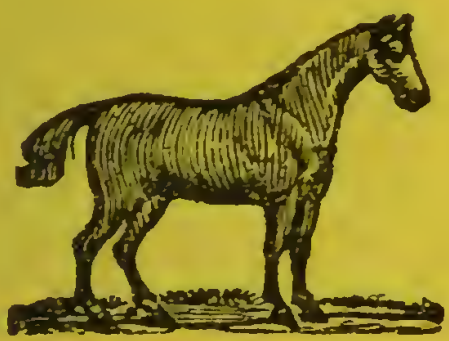
THE SOLDIER TURNED FARMER.



A. PHELPS—Greenfield.

THE

SOLDIER

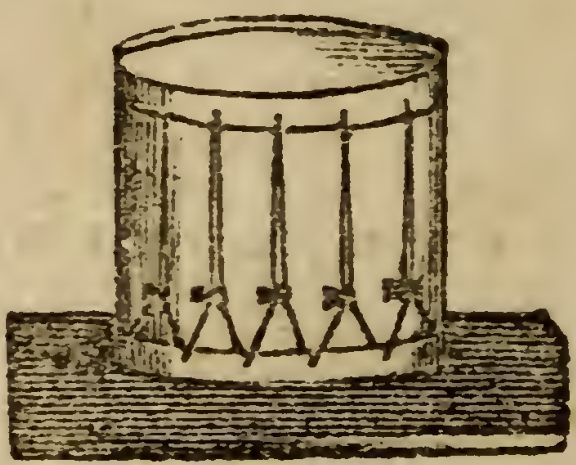
TURNED FARMER.

GREENFIELD.

A. Phelps....1845.

THERE was a little boy who was just four years old when I knew him, and he lived in this house,

and when he grew up he did not wish to be a scholar, and learn the letters, but wanted to be a soldier and follow the drum. Here you can see one, pretty enough to look at,

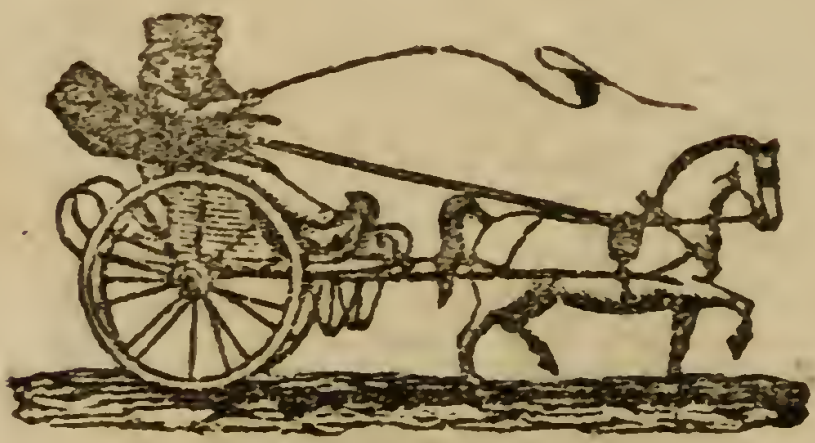


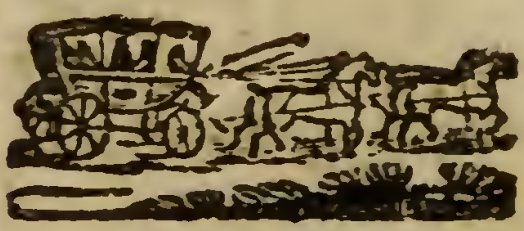
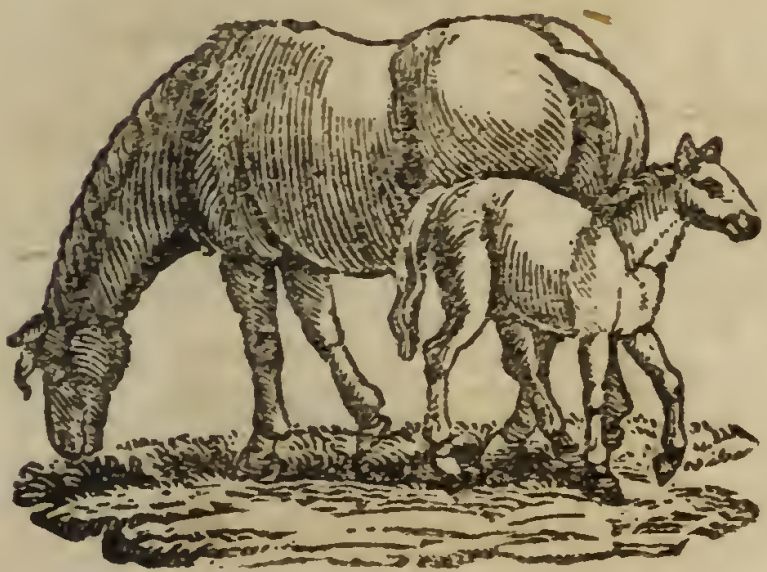
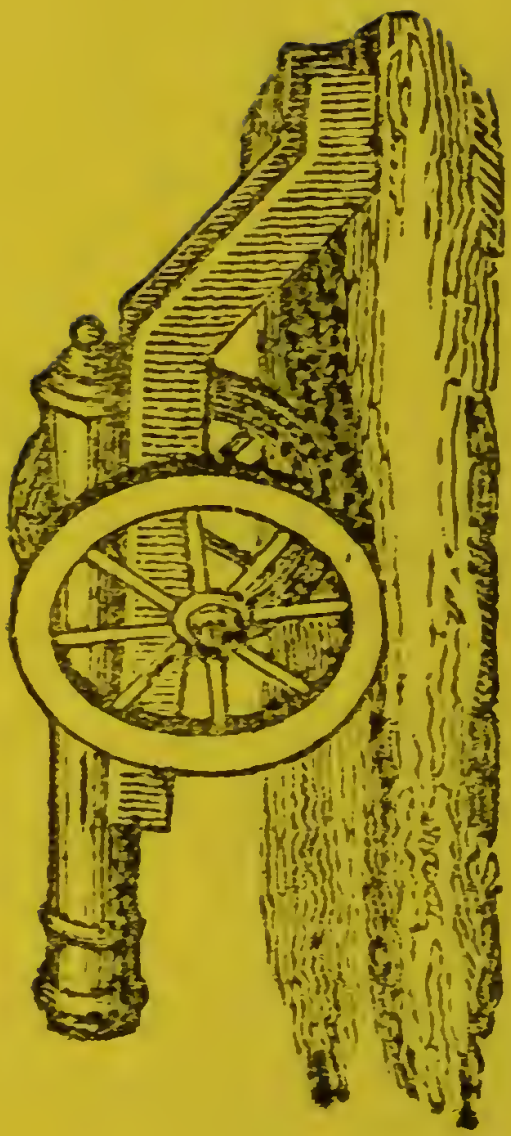
but of a very noisy sound. Well, this boy did become a soldier, and he was drest in a suit of fine clothes every day, and he strutted about, but if he did any thing wrong, he was sure to be whipped. See him march before the sentry box, which I think is very hard work, because he must keep going, whether it rains hard or shines hot. In his hand is a heavy gun, on his back is a knapsack, and on his head a great cocked hat. Look at him, and see besides the tents or huts in which a soldier sleeps.

Well, after a little time he had to go to a great distance from home, into another part of the world, and one night while lying under the tent on his straw bed, he was very much startled by hearing this lion roar, for he was in that part of the globe where lions live, and he was

so frightened that he said he would not be a soldier any longer, but get to his home again as fast as he could. So in the very first ship that sailed for his own country he came home. Here is the ship.

When he left off his colored clothes, and his gun and belts, he wore a round hat, and went to be a farmer, and he soon bought him a fine horse. If you are a good child to day, perhaps he will put him in a chaise and give you a pleasant ride.





I think it much better for him to be a farmer, and to keep pigs, and sheep, and cows, and horses, than to be shooting men with his black powder and iron balls, and I wish him success in his new labor.